## Owingsville Outlook.

D. & ESTILL Probleher. "INGS VILLE.

ONE HEA

I shall not murmur at my t,
Or think it aught but good.
Though I must toil with head and hands
To earn my daily food.
I shall not fret though fortune frown,
Or at stern fate repine;
Since I can say-O Heaven, what joyThat one true heart is mine:

The gay may cant their looks of scorn

Upon my humble garb:

Buch looks give wounds to some—for me.
They hear no point nor barb:
I've hidden armor o'er my breast.
That seems almost divine:
No sneer can scathe, while I have power
To say: "One heart is mine."

The rich may boast his golden store -

I envy none mere peif; But when I see it I can smile,

"Oh, joy of joys, how rich am !!
Without such wealth as thine:
God prosper thee, and give best a
Such a true heart as mine."
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in Misseapol
Househashers.



SYNOPSIS Chapter I-D'Auriac, commanding out post where scene is laid, tells the story.

De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen.

de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who close up to me when I reached the bank. are from the king's camp at Le Fere D'Auriac, engered by insulting manner of de | a few yards below pont aux Meunniers. giving his parole not to attempt cocupe, you must die on the beat.

If I catch you at the close of the day.

will hang you as high as Haman." Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in minent danger of almost instant death. and wounded. They find a golden cellar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stalis Mauginot ther pariner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous acene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Comeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Auriac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him dally, and when he is well enough is taken to ber Normandy chaican. Here he learns from Maltre Palin, the madame's chapsain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marupon the woman a very distasteful mar-riage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his

shoe. This causes delay at village of Ezy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commis-aion, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomerou and

certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI-Led by Nicholas, d'Auriac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Standing beside a broken pane they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge. Nicholas fires through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark. Gomeron, but misses his mark.

Chapter VII-The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond

lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biren, one of the italiers to the king, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas d'Auriac escapes.

Implie 122-122 comes 1) Rouvras where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX-D'Auriac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the army and among the nobles before Builty, master general of the ordnance, who solviese him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

Chapter X-Calling on de Belin, a friend linving in Paris, he thevalier secures from him a servant, tamed Ravaillac (whom de

linving in Parin, the thevalier occures from him a servant, tamed Ravaillac (whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice) to temporarily take the slace of Jacques. He learns marriages f d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take piace in a fortnight. De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponser. Chapter XI — Maitze Palin, appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Auriac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Auriac then goes out for a walk.

CHAPTER XL-CONTINUED. I hailed a boat, therefore, and was ble I had heard outside my door when

soon on the other side of the Seine, and about to set out with Palin, and I deflinging my clock over my arm set off termined to question the man, and, by at a round pace. As I passed the watching the play of his features, and Louvre I saw that the windows were noting his manner of reply, try and dis bright with lights and heard the strains cover if there was anything to show of music from within. They were as merry within as I was sad without, and I did not linger there long. Keeping to of what had passed, I asked: the right of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, I "How was it you were no hen slackening my pace strolled idly lown the Rue de St. Antoine. Down this great street it seemed as if the were lights at nearly all the windows. though the street itself was in darkness, except at the spots where a lantern or two swing on ropes stretched scross the road and lit up a few vards dimly around them. A few steps furher brought me almost opposite a large house, over the entrance to which was when I drew it out of its sheath to clean a transparent signboard with a row of it this morning. It looked like an arm amps behind it, and I saw I had stum- thrust, and I thought-" bled across More's, the eating and gaming house kept by the most cele- had a slight affair last night, but was brated traiteur in Paris. I had a mind not hurt." It was clear to me that he to step in, more out of curiosity than anything else, when, just as I halted in hesitation before the door, two or three tions to mine. I therefore cut aughing, and in the foremost of them I had no difficulty in recognizing the old reprobate d'Ayen. Much as I would have avoided a quarrel, it could not be belped, for I had the door, and it was certainly my right to enter. They, b swever, ranged themselves arm in arm . It may have been fancy or not; bu

before me and, being in wine, began to laugh and jeer at my somber attire.

"Does M. Ie Huguenot think there is a preche here?" said d'Ayen, bowing to me in mockery as he lifted his plumed his eyes bent down on the polished steel hat. I determined to show in my an- hilt as I spoke. wer that I knew them.

"Let me pass, M. d'Ayen," I said, coldly, "we have too much between us to quarrel here."

knew me well enough, but pre-

His voice took a shrill pitch. "Corboeuf! monaieur le chevaller, and so it is you! Gentlemen, allow me and goes like the wind. There is a fear o present you to M. le Chevaller that falls on me-a fear and something I know not what beside; but all before ment that we never could bring to a my eyes is red-red, as if it rained conclusion; we disagreed on the subwhispering in my ears, and there is no It was a hard pill to swallow, bet I safety for me but the cross and prayer.

and made up my mind to retreat. The It has passed now-God be thanked Edict was fresh; a conflict there would Will monsieur not take his sword?" have meant complete disaster; and there would have been no chance for escape as the passage was getting my rapier. I buckled it on, thinking

nember perfectly," I said, carrying on d'Ayen's feint, "but I am not either case you won't do for me." I prepared to discuss the matter now. I said no more, however; but when he t go back to take some notes to re- gave me my hat he asked fresh my memory." The man was "Will Sown with wine. He thought I feared ance?" him, and my words, which roused his "Yes. I go to the Hotel de Belin, it .- Atchison Globs

ompanions to scornful laughter, made and I trust this will be the last of your BITTERNESS OF LIFE. him do a foolish thing.

"At least take a reminder with you and he flung his soft, musk-scented lant, but had recovered." glove in my face. "A ring! A ring!" roared twenty oices, and before I knew where I was humor-"I will try and get ill no more

watch on guard outside.

constantly reinforced by amateur

mardians of the peace. Everyone who

ears. The set of the stream was toward

true, but safe for the present.

me a civil good morning.

Pantin opened the door to me.

CHAPTER XII.

M. RAVAILLAC DOES NOT SUIT.

A STATE OF THE STA

I WAS SEEN AND INSTANTLY PURSUED.

noting his manner of reply, try and dis-

Pretending therefore to be unaware

There was a quick up and down move

ment of the long gray eyes, and he an

"Monsieur will pardon me; but

"Monsieur's clothes were dripping

wet when I first came in, and his rapier

stained full six inches from the point

"Never mind what you thought.

"A great many things, perhaps; but

At first he made no answer, and I re

peated my question. This time he looked me full in the face, and the

whole expression of the man changed.

His cheeks paled. His eyes diffated

His voice dropped again to its low soft note as he ended and handed me

to myself: "My friend, you are either

lunatic at large or a finished actor. In

"Will mondeur require me in attend-

"I cannot tell, monsieur. It

"How was it you were not in

"I was ill, monsieur: I trust me

"Hurt: Why should I be?"

ceive me last night, Ravaillac?"

that my idea was correct.

le chevalier is not hurt?"

thought it possible.

"How so?

short, and added:

"Then monsieur knows-

kindly answer my question."

was in the center of a circle in the

I go out at once you can follow on passage, the slight figure of d'Ayen before me, and the point of his rapier glinting like a diamond, now in quarte,

The next moment be was gone, and I now in tierce. Some one-I know not who at this heard him running down the stairs. It uncture cut the silken cord by which a would take a few minutes to get Conhuge ornamental lantern was hung ronne ready, but I followed him down above our heads. It fell with a crash at once, as I had an inquiry to make and in a moment we were in semi-dark- from Mmc. Pantiu, I heard some one ness. I took the opportunity to dash moving below in the kitchen, and, forward, flatten myself against the thinking it was dame Annette, called wall, and by dint of a little manage- down the winding stair. ment and more good luck, succeeded in getting within a yard or so of the

"Mme. - Mme. Pantin." "Madame is out; but is there any door. Here, taking my occasion, I made thing I can do for monsieur?" And the a sodden spring forward, upsetting a notary appeared below, a dim outline man in front of me, and dashed off down | clad in his dressing gown, with a wool the street. Unfortunately, I was not en cap on his head, so quick but that I was seen and in-

I went down to him and asked: "Pantin, do you know if Ravaillastantly pursued by a portion of the was out last night " There was nothing for it but to run.

attacks whilst you are with me.

compte told me you had been a flagel

"I have been well for a long time

monsieur," he answered, taking in

"I am glad of that. Saddle Conconne

"Monsieur."

"I would have told monsieur the Fast as I went, however, there were and then when he came in from his good men behind me, and I could not swim in the Scine. No, for I watched shake them off, though the streets were and saw him sleeping in the loft."

"Are you sure? in gloom. The worst of the matter, "As I am of being here." owever, was that the watch was being "Thanks. Madame is out early." "She has gone to the rue Varenne

but, monsicur, be careful of that appened to be passing, or heard the seemed to think it his duty to Ravaillac." I nodded my bead, and then raising oin in the chase, and it was with a fine following that I headed toward the my voice: "I dine at the Two Ecus as

river. Heaven knows how I cursed my usual good day!" "Good day, monsieur!" folly at having put my nose into More's, Couronne was at the door, Ravailla and I redoubled my pace as I heard, from the shouts to the right and to the at her head, and, mounting, I went at close up to me when I reached the bank Belin, to ask him to find out if I was and without further besitation I plunged | folly or misadventure - call it what you

in, and the bubbling and seething of will - and to beg his advice on the the water brought the yell of disap course I was to pursue. pointment from the bank faintly to my I had been recognized by d'Ayen. My name was known to those with him the opposite shore, and in five seconds and any trouble with the hotel de Ville I was in pitch darkness, though, look- meant hopeless disaster. I had almost made up my mind to conceal myself omewhere until the day of flight, but before taking any action thought in teer brigade dancing with anger at my advisable to consult my friend, and to

escape, but none of them dared to fol- return Ravaillae to his service. Imagine my disappointment when I had to swim with a will, for the cur rent was swift; but at length I reached out! Vallon begged me to wait, explaining that his master had been abmy own side of the river, drenched, it is sent for so long a time that his return would be but a matter of minutes. He had supped out the night before with "Ciel!" he exclaimed, as he saw me de Vitry, the captain of the Scots wet and dripping. "What has hapguards, and M. le Grand, had come back late, and gone forth very early in the "I have had a swim in the Seine, Panmorning, and it was now full time he

I determined therefore to wait, though every moment was of importance to me, and after a half hour of pa-I slept profoundly, and toward morntience in an easy chair rose and walked towards the window to while away the time by watching what was going on feeling that there was some one in the room. This passed away: but a short below. One of the heavy brocade curtime after I awoke with a start, and, tains was half drawn, and without looking around, saw Ravaillac bending thinking of it I came up towards that over some of my things, which were lying in a corner of the room. As I cover. It struck me as strange that looked at him, a slight movement on my my horse was within the gate, instead city to pay a heavy tax. of being within the courtyard, and part attracting his attention, he bade Ravaillac, with the reins thrown over Whilst he moved softly about I began his shoulder, was engaged in converse to piece together the noise of the stumwith a cavalier whose back was turned to me, and whose head was entirely con-

cealed by his broad-brimmed hat and long plumes. ertainty, and my doubts on the point gether carnestly, and then something the eavalier left Ravaillac with a nod other side of the road, where a monatare some natures to whom double dealing is as their skin, and whom nothing can turn from folsehood and chi-

from this moment to monsieur le wealth was entombed. compte."

I made a short cut down a side street. his hands in my direction.

"Reeling out lies by the dozen," I there will be another place lost to you I let myself in by the stable entrance. and after attending to Couronne entered the house. There was apparently

was trying to carry the war into my country, as it were, by counter quesnot a soul within. I sought the lower apartments in the hope of finding either "Your Illness came and went very them my action in regard to Ravaillac; suddenly. Are you often taken that but neither of them was visible. There was no answer to my call. There could not be a soul in the house.

ITO BE CONTINUED.

"Sherry" and the Spinster, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the bell lant orator and dramatist and audacious manager, was what the beaks of Scotland Yard would call a downy cove. He was dining at a friend's house one evening and found himself much beset y one of his fellow-diners of the giddy

old maid brand. "Ah, my dear Mr. Sheridan," she simpered, "I should so love to take a walk out with you this evening."

The wily Sheridan was startled at the prospect. "Oh, dear," he replied, in a tone of well-feigned regret, "my dear Lady Blank, it's raining cats and dogs. I'm afraid I shall have to forego the pleasure until it clears off." Fifteen minutes later the alert spinder, who did not repose entire trust in

Sheridan's sincerity, detected him in the act of sneaking out through a side door. "Oh, Mr. Sheridan!" she exclaimed, "has it really cleared up?" "Y-v-ves-n-no - that is - it has

cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."-St. Louis Globe Dem-

Impediments to Thrift. a man gets a dollar ready to put ple selling tickets to amateur shows ing life of your children bright with sweetens life; it sweetens mysterious cold. The leather is submitted to a when on his way to the lank to deposit gracious inthences, and you are beam- providences; it sweetens affections; tanning supplementary to the chrome.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Contrast Between Selfishness and Kindness.

hould Make the World a Pleasant Pince-Sentterers of Wormwood Are Likened to Attita

The contrast between a life of selflitters and a life of kindness is set queror of oblen time; text Revthe rivers and upon the fountain-

latthew Henry, Albert Barnes and ome other commentators say that he star Wormwood of my text was a a star, and like wormwood, he emrave studied the Star of Bethlehem and the Star of Peace, but my subject allows to gaze at the star Wormwood and my theree might be called "Brilcent Batterness.

A more extraordinary character hisory does not furnish than this man Attifa, the king of the Hone. The story goes that one day a wounded seifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its where the heifer was wounded and went on back farther and farther until he came to a sword fast in the in any danger owing to last night's earth, the point downward as though t had dropped from the heatens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been ent. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented to Attita. Attita said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Atila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mights men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself and demand reaching his hotel to find that Belin was ed that others call him "the Scourge of God "

At the head of 200,000 troops, mount d on Cappadocian horses, he swept verything from the Adriatic to the Black sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Pyzantine eastles. o meet his roinous levy, not up at metion massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants were prought out and put into three classes The first class those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second lass, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class. side, and looked out from behind its the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the

grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalogian plains the fiercest battles since the its stretch of shoulder, could not be field. On and on until all those who pointment and defeat? Is it bitterness prostrate on their faces in prayer. The squeezing of Artemisia absinthium mistaken. It was de Gomeron to a could not oppose him with arms lay possible within the shadow of the distance, and a bishop cried: "It is gent? Then you are the star Wormthe aid of God." and all the people minutes whilst they conversed to- took up the cry: "It is the aid of God." trying how well it can sting. It is the As the cloud of dust was blown aside from of a hawk trying how quick it can changed hands between them. Finally, the banners of reenforcing armies strike out the eye of a dove. to his salute, and crossed over to the "the Scourge of God." The most un- are a star of worldly prosperity. Ther other side of the road, where a mount-ed lackey was holding his horse. As supernatural resource. After three encourage that artist by buying his piche gained the saddle, he turned his face months of failure to capture the city ture. You can improve the fields, the toward me for an instant. There was of Aquileia, when his army had given no shadow of doubt left. It was de up the siege, the flight of a stork and higher style of fowl and horse and cow Someron, and it was clear that there her young from the tower of the city and sheep. You can bless the world was more between the free lance and was taken by him as a sign that he Ravaillae than there should be, and was to capture the city, and his army also, I was convinced, I know not how, inspired with the same occurrence. that what had passed between them resumed the siege and took the walls touched me, and was not for my good, at a point from which the stork had What object the man had to play traitor | emerged. So brilliant was the con-I cannot say, but I do know that there | queror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads. Slain on the evening of his marriage

by his bride, Ildico, who was hired He this as it may I knew at any for the assassination his followers herate, the grass where one viper lay, and wailed him not with tears, but with made up my mind to blunt his fangs blood, cutting themselves with knives or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper without any further delay. I gave de and lances. He was put into three Belin another half-hour, and then, call- coffine, the first of iron, the second of ing Vallon, left a message with him, silver and the third of gold. He was is not a city, town or neighborhood that buried by night, and into his grave has not glorious specimens of conse lodging on a matter of the utmost were poured the most valuable coins crated wealth. noment. As soon as I was in the and previous stones, amounting to the saddle I bent forward, and, looking wealth of a kingdom. The gravedig-Ravaillae full in the face, said: "My gers and all those who assisted at the friend, you have too many acquaint- burial were massacred, so that it ances for my services. I return you would never be known where so much

The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roand in so doing, had an opportunity of man empire. He was right in calling taking a last look at my man. He was himself a scourge, but instead of be standing talking to Vallon, and moving | ing "the Scourge of God" he was the

scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bittermuttered to myself. "If I mistake not ness the commentators might well have ought to be Attila and your last name supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devas wood, and you have imbittered one tated were parts most opulent with third if not three-thirds of the waters fountains and streams and rivers, you that roll past your employes and opsee how graphic my text is: "There eratives and dependents and associates fell a great star from heaven, burning and the long line of carriages which the as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the undertaker orders for your funeral, in the notary or his wife, to explain to third part of the rivers and upon the order to make the occasion respectable fountains of waters, and the name of will be filled with twice as many dry the star is called Wormwood."

> embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, aerid, saturof the home, Attila? of the social cirwaters, are poisoned by the falling of life sweetening all the brakish founthe star Wormwood. It is not uncomplimentary to human nature that most used for good. The less power men have the better, if they me it forevil, round before they swoop upon that

ing upon all the opening enterprises | it sweetens death; it sweetens eve of philapthropic and Christian endeav-thing. I have heard people asked or, and you are heralds of that day of go-pelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin accursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old | people, and, though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulous ness or unreasonableness of your aged father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes on clear again and is seen from all the balconics of the prighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves sevlation (iii, 10 11; "There fell a great | eral times lost their patience with you ar from heaven, burning as it were when you were young, and perhaps lamp, and it fell upon the third part, whipped you when you did not deserve Hall, evening star! Hang on the water, and the name of the star is darkening sky your diamond coronet. But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you seed and growl from

the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children exertastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the ype of Atrila king of the Huns. He merry voices and swift feet and to the laughter which occasionally trickles through at wrong times and is supbittered everything he touched. We pressed by them until they can held it no longer, and all the barriers burst and the Morning Star of Revelation into infinited guffaw and eachings tion, as in this weather the water has trickled through a slight opening is the mildam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will he still enough when one of them hand to hear one shout from the silent voice or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to th Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are whacked and enffed and ear pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharply, and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybony to make me cry. I can do that without assistance. We all ery enough and have enough to ery about. God bless all skillful punsters, all repartecists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums. those who mirthfully surprise

us with unusual juxtaposition words. Thomas Hood and Charles mission, and so have their successors it these times. They stir into the neid beverage of life the saecharine. They make the cup of earthly existence which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirehed with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible Are your powers of mimiery used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scoru? Is it fun at others' misworld stood-300,000 dead left on the fortune? Is it giee at their disap-

marched in to help against Attila, But I will change this and suppose you stables, the highway, by introducing with pomological achievement in the orchard. You can advance arborical ture and arrest the deathful destruction of the American forests. You can but a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy, you can endoy a college, you can stocking 1,000 bare feet from the winter frost, you can build a church, you can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. you can help to ransom a world. rich man with his heart right-ean vo tell me how much good a James Lenox or a William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead? There

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them be cause he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should po litely ask you to raise his wages, and you roughly tell him if he wants better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner, you act as though he were nothing and you were everything Suppose you are selfish and overbear ing and arrogant. Your first name Attila, because you are the star Worm

tearless eyes as there are persons o Have you ever thought how many cupying them. You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity, the stay of the longest nine? The European plant from which life on earth is not more than a min wormwood is extracted, Artemisia ab- utc. What are we doing with that sinthium, is a perennial plant, and all minute? Are we imbittering the do the year round it is ready to exude its | mestic or social or political fountains oil, and in many human lives there is or are we like Moses, who, when the a perennial distillation of aerid experieners. Yea, there are some whose that the waters of Lake Marah were whole work is to shed a baleful in- bitter and they could not drink them fluence on others. There are Attilas | their leader out off the branch of a | churches and schools and asylums scatcertain tree and threw that branch cle. Attilas of the church. Attilas of into the water, and it became sweet and the state, and one-third of the waters | slaked the thirst of the suffering host? of all the world, if not two-thirds the Are we with a branch of the tree of

tains that we can touch? Dear Lord, send us all out on thi nen, as soon as they get great power, mission. All around us imbittered lives become overbearing. The more power --imbittered by persecution, imbit-men have the better, it their power be tered by hypercriticism, imbittered by peverty, imbittered by pain, imbittered by injustice, imbittered by sig. Why Birds circle round and round and not go forth and sweeten them by smiles, by inspiring words, by benefacwhich they are aiming for. And if tions, by hearty counsel, by prayer my discourse so far has been swinging by gospelized behavior? Let us re round and round, this moment it drops | nember that if we are wormwood to straight on your heart, and asks the others we are wormwood to ourselves question: Is your life a beaediction to and our life will be bitter and our eter others or an imbitterment, a blessing nity bitterer. The Gospel of Jesus leather for gloves which can be will begin speedily. or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood? Christ is the only sweetening power Some of you, I know, are morning that is sufficient. It sweetens the dis-

thing. I have heard people asked i three wishes gratified, what would you wishes be?" If I could have

three wishes met, a tell you what they would be. First, more of the grad of God; second, more of the grace of tind; third, more of the grace of Goo In the doorway of my brother John once a missionary to Amoy China there was a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its au roundings, and its leaves take the fort of a grown. If this emperor tree b planted beside a rosebush, it grows a ittle higher than the bush and spread out above it a grown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that the religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, potting over yo its crown? Are you high in talent an position, putting over you its crown Ob, for more of the saccharin in ou tives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in cara vans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden mer chantment her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmali; he bazar filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with mines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers? Where the roa of her chariots? Where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrennes where once she challenged the admira tion of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered answer the ques tions. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood, and ha Hundred gated Thebes, for all tim

to be the study of the antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles; her eculpture presenting in figures of warrior and charlot the victories with which the now-forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations, her obelisks and columns Karnak and Luxor, the stupendou temples of her pride. Who can imagin the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with he sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues reared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and emples and thrones? What hands led upon the columns of her glory What ruthlessness defaced her seul tured wall and broke obelisks, and let her indescribable temples great skele tons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beas in her royal sepulchers and taught the miscrable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples and sent desolation and ruin skulking be hind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all faced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin Thebes was a star, but she turned to

wormwood and has fallen." Babylon, with mr too row brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride. Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon. These hanging gardens, built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen. Among the statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drink ing out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations, subdued and tributary, crying "Is not this great Babylon which I have

What battering ram smote the walls' What plowshare upturned the gardens' What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storin put out this light which illuminated the world What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer, and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon. I hear the wild waves saying "Babylon was proud, Babylon was in pure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the pilorin fathers and the Hugnenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters and fruitful summers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's ax forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes began to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail ear, and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of eastern coal. Fruits from the north pass on the rivers fruits from the south, and trading in the same market are Maine lumbermen and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska for dealer, and ter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 70,000,000 people.

Pictures Through Insect Lenses. One of the later marvels of little things is the taking of pictures through the lens of an insect's eye. We are filled with astonishment, says Mr. F. W. Saxby, when we reflect that from a dragon fly's head we could obtain 25, 000 perfect lenses, so minute that a mil lion of them would not cover a square inch, and yet each be capable of yielding a recognizable photograph.

Gloves Which Mry Be Washed. A clove manufacturer near Carlsbad, in Germany, has invented process for the manufacture of glazed washed without losing its color, and which will at the same time remain way for a rainy day he meets two per stars, and you are making the dawn- position; it sweetens the manners; it pliant and resist the action of heat and

AKMY ADVANCES "Out of Sight

Gen. Wheaton's Divisional Brigade Will Attempt to Corral Filipinos.

Rebels Had Apparently Planned an Attack Upon the Lines of Gens. Otis and Hale Sunday Morning But Their Courage reemed to Fail Them.

MANUA, March 13 .- Gen. Wheaton's newly formed divisional brigade ad vanced at 7 o'clock Monday morning from San Pedro Macati for the purpose of corralling the enemy. It is now moving on Pasig, meeting with slight resistance as the rebels are in full retreat.

A gunboat is clearing the jungle along the river banks, which have been carried as far as Guadalupe.

The purpose of the move is to clear the country to Laguna de Bay.

The Filipinos apparently had planned

an attack upon the lines of Gen. Otis and Gen. Hale Sunday morning but their courage seemed to fail them, though they fired signals and afterward kept up the fusilade along the American front for an hour. Our troops, in obedience to orders, refrained from shooting with the exception of two companies of newly arrived men who replied until they had suppressed a regiment of Aguinaldo's Red brigade. This bod of rebels seemed under better leader ship than most of the others, and white man was among the officers en deavoring to lead them to the attack but apparently all efforts to indue them to leave the trenches were fatile The American authorities in Manil-

say the city is now so effectively po leed that a serious outbreak is impos sible. They believe that the native

The presence of the families of offi ers is discouraged, and many are leav ng on the United States transports some going to Japan for temporary esidence. Gen. Otis has remarked Manila is no place for women. This

s a war, not a pienie." Sunday afternoon the 20th and 221 infantry and seven companies of the bregon volunteers marched to San Pedro Macati to join Gen. Wheaton's new divisional brigade which is to con sist of the 20th and 22d infantry, eight ompanies of the Washington volunteers, seven companies of the Oregon colunteers, three troops of cavalry counted) and a battalion of light ar itlery. Although the rain which fell Sunday morning has cooled the temocrature to 81 degrees, many dropped from the ranks overcome by the heat.

THE CATILIAN GOES ASHORE. The New Allan Line Steamer Fast at Gan net Rock Light, Near Yarmouth - Two

HALIFAX, N. S., March 13.-The nev Allan line steamer Castilian from Portland for Halifax, went ashore near Gannet Rock light, near Yarmouth, at 4:30 o'clock Sunday morning at low room. tide, in a fog, her compasses being deranged. Two compartments are which few people know anything full of water and tugs have gone from about," continued the superintendent. ages? Let the mummies break their Yarmouth to the scene. The Castilian long silence and come up to shiver in arrived at Halifax from Liverpool ten humor about a let of funation than the desolation and point to fallen days ago on her maiden voycargo for return. She is 8,200 tons net register, being the largest Allan line steamer affoat. The ship is in charge of Capt. Barrett and officers, formerly

of the steamer Parisian, the entire crew of the Parisian having been trans ferred to the new boat. The steamer was due to embark mails and passen gers here for Liverpool. PORTLAND, Me., March 13.-The Cas-

tilian sailed from this port at 1 p. m. Saturday. The ship itself is valued at about \$700,000, and her cargo at \$450.-000. This is the most valuable cargo the Allans have ever shipped from Portland. The principal items were grain and provisions.

There were 16 second cabin and about 25 steerage passengers.

AMERICANS' HEROIC CHARGE. in Memory by Establishing a l'ubile Park at San Joan Hill.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, March 13. - A novement is on foot here to pursuade the United States government to purchase San Juan hill to be used as a public park. The idea is that a certain portion could be set apart to be used as an American cometery and the site of a mortuary church. A few thousand dollars spent upon the rest would make emy of Arts, London, England, is unof a mortuary church. A few thousand a beautiful recreation ground, includ- doubtedly one of the greatest living ing a half mile race track, a base ball sculptors. She has modeled busts of diamond and tennis grounds.

Gen. Leonard Wood, military gov ernor, and other prominent Americans land can be obtained at a reasonable of the American troops.

Franchise Onestion Settled.

ARRON, O., March 13.-After a long and vigorous fight the city commissioners Saturday granted a 25-year franchise to the Akron Street Railway and after the use of one bottle of Pe-rucompany. In return the company na I am entirely well."-Mrs. M. C. gives four-cent fares.

The Deal Made Him Insane.

BUCYRUS, O., March 13,-William Dininger bought a farm for \$5,000. He will be found to be of great value to went home after his purchase, but was every woman. Address Dr. Hartman, so wrought up over the matter that Columbus, O. he went insanc. He has been adjudged insane and taken to the asylum.

COLUMBUS, O., March 13.-William

McKinney, of Chenoweth Mills, was discovered by members of his family standing over a coal box, into which blood was falling from a self-inflicted wound in his throat. The attempt at snieide proved unsuccessful.

Choked To Death. EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 13.-Ernest Schuyler had a tumor in his throat and it broke while he slept, choking him to

death. Schuyler lived at Wayland,

Mich., and was visiting his father here

Gen. Lawton Has Taken Hold. MANILA, March 13. - There was some light skirmishing at Caloocan and San Pedro Macati Saturday. No casualties are reported. The American troops are in fine spirit and anxious for a forward movement. Gen. Lawton ha taken hold and is preparing for an advance, which everybody here expects

Frank N. Sheldon, on trial for the second time for the murder of his wife, Eva M. Sheldon, at Auburn, N. Y., committed suicide in the jail Friday,

Out of Mind."

In other months we forget the harsh winds of Spring. But they have their use, as some say, to blow out the bad air accumulated after Winter storms and Spring thaws. There is far more important accumulation of badness in the veins and arteries of humanity, which needs Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great Spring Medicine clarifies the blood as nothing else can. It cures scrofula, kidney disease, liver troubles, rheumatism and kindred ailments. Thus it gives perfect health, strength and ap-petite for months to come.

Kidneys - "My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarssparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." Mr. mar. Bovis, 3473 Denny Street, Physical P.

Dyspepsia - "Complicated with liver and kickey trouble, I suffered for years with dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty." J. B. EMERTON, Main Street, Auburn, Me. Hip Disease—"Five running sores on my hip caused me to use crutches. Was confined to bed every winter. Hood's Sar-saparilla saved my life, as it cured me per-fectly. Am strong and well." ASSIR ROBERT, 49 FOURTH St., Fall River, Mass.



the only cathartie to take with Hond's Sarsapi

HUMOR OF THE INSANE. There is Plenty of the Real Thing Says the Superintendent of on Asylum.

"I was sitting in my office the other day," said the superintendent of the insane asylum at Parlor City, "when one of the patients, a harmless fellow who is allowed to have the freedom of the building and grounds, came in, pale with indignation, and said that he had a complaint to make.

"What is it, your highness?" I said, for it was the prince of Wales I was talking to. "'Are the rules of the palace to be

observed or not?" he demanded. "I want to know whether our rules can be broken with impunity?" "'Certainly not your highness,' I said: 'what is it? "'I was coming down the corridor this morning,' he said, 'and in a rack on the walf I saw a dozen red pails,

marked "for fire only." Now, is that "It is,' I said. 'The sign is correct.' "'Well, then,' he said, 'John (referring to a keeper) must be punished. As

stood there he came along and filled the pails with water." "'He shall be executed at once,' I said, and the prince bowed with great seriousness and walked out of the

"This incident illustrates a trick "That is, there is more unconscious patients say and do are funnier than any of the things I read or hear from the outside world. I tell you, life isn't so prosaie as you'd think in an insane

MRS. COOPER.

The Most Famous Sculpturess in the World, Entirely Cured by Pe-ru-na.



MRS. M. C. COOPER. half the nobility of England, and is now in Washington making busts of dis-tinguished Americans. Mrs. Cooper has favor the project, believing that if the just completed a bust of Mrs. Belva Lockwood, which is now in the Corcoran Art Gallery. Ruskin, the great figure, the suggestion should be car- artist, placed Mrs. Cooper as one of the ried out in memory of the heroic charge greatest sculptors and painters of this. century. Mrs. Cooper is an ardent friend of Pe-ru-na and in a letter dated January 26, written from Washington, says the following: "I take pleasure in recommending Pe-ru-na for catarrh and la grippe. I have suffered for months

Cooper.

Send for a free book on catarrh entitled "Health and Beauty." This book is written especially for women, and



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Chicago.

FREE A HANDSOME WATCH

